

somerset lane

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somerset lane

by [jamingbenn](#)

Summary

or, dream runs a quaint little coffee shop opposite george's little flower shop. shenanigans ensue down somerset lane, and everyone's just the bestest of friends with each other.

Notes

as yet, this fic is purely gen. will change tags if that changes. let's see how long i can resist gream!!!

DO NOT send this fic to any of the creators involved. if you or anyone you know knows any of the characters mentioned, please step away, this is just fluffy nonsense. these characters are not actually dream or george but just fictional characters based on their adorable public personas.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

welcome to somerset lane

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The morning sun washed warmly over Somerset Lane, painting the street over in a tinge of golden glow.

The scent of spring was fresh in the air, and this bright day saw Somerset Lane looking positively ethereal. In a little coffee shop called Cloudy, Inc., there was the gentle hiss of a coffee machine audible from the counter, where one had the best vantage view of this quaint little street. And this morning, as usual, Cloudy, Inc.'s owner was busy getting the shop ready for the day, trying not to be too distracted by the views of the dawning sun.

Dream pulled his eyes back from the sidewalk to the coffee he was making himself. Perks of being the boss, he shrugged to himself.

Another perk was being able to watch the street come truly alive. You can hear the cars start to pick up before you see them, really, and before you know it, the streets start to fill up before your eyes. Dream liked watching the first few stragglers from his perch behind the pastry display case, sipping his coffee as he woke up alongside the city. It feels like he's laid claim to this patch of pavement outside of his little cafe, and he's proud of how every single footstep crunches onto these stone grounds. Sure, I mean, technically, the city maintains these roads, but come on. Cloudy, Inc. cafe and the House of Dyes flower shop have become the anchoring points of Somerset Lane, and he felt safe calling this his neighborhood. (So maybe that makes him feel all fuzzy inside. He's allowed to revel in that, he thinks.)

A ringing of bells from behind him signaled the back door opening. Dream, startled out of his daze, turned to see Sapnap stumble out of the kitchen into the front of shop. Dream would call Sapnap's foundering steps "precarious", if he hadn't seen him manage this delicate balance multiple times a day. How the man managed to juggle trays upon trays of pastry was beyond dream, but he wasn't going to question it. It wasn't every day you got to work with your best friend and live out your dreams together, after all. He'll trust him with the pastry. He's trusted him with much more.

"So what's on the menu, Chef?"

Sapnap stuck out his tongue. “Stop acting like you didn’t spend hours with me yesterday making sure our summer menu is absolutely perfect. These are the mixed berry tarts, you goof.”

Dream laughed, snagging one as Sapnap started loading them in. “Well, I guess they’ll do for breakfast.”

Sapnap’s head snapped back, eyes narrowed. “They’ll do? They’ll do?! They’ll be the best goddamn blueberry tart you’ve had in your life, that’s what they’ll do,” Sapnap retorted, grabbing a conveniently placed nearby notebook to whack Dream with.

Dodging, Dream could do nothing but laugh even harder. There was never a dull moment at Cloudy, Inc., so of course Dream couldn’t let Sapnap’s words go by uncontested. He took a huge bite out of the offending pastry, grinning all the while

“It’s the absolute worst thing I’ve tasted. I have no idea how we’ve managed to stay in business selling these terrible pastries,” Dream goaded cheerfully, lying through his teeth.

Of course, they were delicious. The base was just the right mix of flaky and crumbly to immediately melt in your mouth, while the filling had a satisfying tartness that had you craving for more. And the perfect, final touch, was a light sprinkling of coarse demerara sugar on top, giving the entire sweet treat just a little desired crunch. But he couldn’t let Sapnap know any of that, now, could he?

“Shit- I- that’s it, come here, you son of a—!” Sapnap may have sounded fierce, but the grin on his face probably gave him away.

As Dream blocked more hits and as Sapnap made increasingly crude choking gestures, the tell-tale chiming of the cafe door interrupted their play fighting with their first customer of the day. Dream grinned as he straightened up, turning to beam his best customer support smile at this poor, unsuspecting, unlucky fellow who’s first introduction to Cloudy, Inc. was that of the two owners’ mutual (friendly) violence.

“Welcome to Cloudy, Inc., the one stop relaxation shop for your coffee, pastry, and spiritual needs! What can I get you today?”

The other side of the road saw a similar scene at the House of Dyes, a little flower shop owned by George's grandparents.

This morning saw George unloading boxes of supplies, which for George, happily meant many tiny walks across the pavement. This left him free to witness any and all shenanigans going on in Cloudy, Inc.— and the almost daily smack-fest between the two owners with whatever objects found nearby was always a highlight.

The trio were good friends, of course. While George grew up on this street, hanging around his grandparents' shop from the moment he could walk, Dream and Sapnap moved into the opposite lot a couple of years ago.

They were fresh out of school, bright faced and risking it all, armed with market research and barista skills that had them confident they'll make it big. They saw the potential of Somerset Lane and saw it as the next "it" place in town, if they just built on the House of Dyes' energy and atmosphere.

And they couldn't have been more right. Now, between Techno's butchery, Skeppy's mystical magic supplies store, Wilbur's ethereal photography boutique, and all the other dreamy shops, Somerset Lane was the place to be in town.

George has always loved it here, of course, he grew up scooting down these roads near daily. He's always associated the pinkish hues of the setting sun with the sweet, earthy smells of fresh cut flowers. As he's grown, he's taken over more and more of the operations, especially the backroom management and bookkeeping. After all, can't be letting a colorblind kid mess with floral arrangements now, can you?

Yet even as he's taken over most store manager duties, he still wishes he could be more appreciative of the beautiful aesthetic work his grandparents do. All in all, it doesn't bother him all that much, because colors are ultimately just a small part of the House of Dyes' flower arrangements.

Each petal and each blossom still blooms with their own curvature and structure, and sometimes an arrangement can look like a delicately balanced dance. Not to mention the fresh smells of subtle floral notes, paired with the velvety textures of the petals, when you rubbed them gently between your fingers, meant that there was plenty for George to appreciate.

Most importantly, though, being at the House of Dyes meant being around his community of people that makes him feel his happiest. Being around the people of Somerset Lane meant he felt comfortable being his goofy, smiley self, secure in the fact that he was loved and he was

appreciated. He knew, and felt, like he was an integral part of this band of chaos personified.

Chapter End Notes

if you get a notification from this, sorry!!! i'm just changing the entire fic from lapslock to have proper capitalization. don't worry, the fic is not abandoned- after i fix this up, chapter 6 is on its way!!

sweet treats and pretty things

Chapter Summary

some dream team interaction here, and some flower shop boy george!! so fluffy my teeth are rotting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The morning rush was the best part of Dream's job. Sure, it was definitely the most hectic part of his day, but there was a pulsing flow to it that has him feeling alive. Immersing himself in the rat-tat-tat rhythm of making drink after drink while his staff bustled around him always left him in a haze of contented immersion. There was a joy in doing the thing he loved, and in doing it well, even when he was being pushed harder than he'd normally like. Of course, Sapnap's hushed, periodic swears served as excellent fuel as well. Comic relief was the best form of motivation, he'll have you know.

Today's crowd wasn't all that bad— there was only one lady, really, who screamed about her drink being too cold, and another frazzled mother who spilled hot coffee on her shirt. Nothing too demanding of him, nothing that was going to really take away from his concentration or gratification.

The motions of coffee making had become so familiar to Dream, and the rhythm of his staff's fluid activity so predictable, that he barely had to pay any overt attention to what he was doing. Unruly customers can certainly pull him out of his zen, but even then, he's grown to learn how to bite his tongue and rise above it. It was much harder in the beginning to resist rolling his eyes when slighted, but he's learned to manage it.

The post-closing, daily bitching sessions in his emptied shop with the Somerset Lane gang around helped that along a lot, he's sure. It was cathartic to listen to everyone else on Somerset Lane share their stories of the day, be it good or bad. The thought of being able to bitch to his friends later on about the unreasonable, snobby customers he was dealing with has definitely kept him from flying off the handle more than once.

Luckily, he didn't have to much of any of that today. Before he really noticed it, the morning rush was dying down to a bare buzz. By 10, the snaking line had dwindled down to the occasional wandering customer.

For Dream and Sapnap, this was the perfect time to pick up after any earlier messes, and maybe

even get in some early prepping for the lunch crowd.

For George, however, this mid-morning lull was the perfect time to come sneak a visit.

And also maybe sneak a snack or two for a late breakfast.

This morning was no different, and there he was, waiting around for Dream to finish up at the counter with the last of his customers.

Sapnap, who'd already spotted him enter earlier, waved him over to the back room. "Hey man, try this out. Tell me what you think?"

Without much aplomb, Sapnap dropped a squarish thing of puff pastry into George's hands. That's what George thinks it is, anyways. Surprise Sapnap treats can either be absolutely delicious, or some horrible concoction that he's convinced himself he could make work. Yes, he's talking about the kale pie. They're not supposed to bring it up anymore. (They totally do. All the time. Just to rile Sapnap up a tiny little bit.)

George squinted at this mystery package, holding it up. "This is not gonna poison me, is it?"

Sapnap scoffed. "Who do you think I am? Of course not. Quick, try it, I wanna see if you can tell what's in it."

George shrugged. He should really be more used to being treated like a guinea pig at this point.

The pastry was buttery and perfect as he bit into it, but the filling eluded him. It was sweet and a little tangy, definitely tropical— not peach, maybe—

"Mango?" He hazarded a guess.

"Yep, how's the— hey Dream! Try this." Sapnap handed over another piping hot pastry to the man who just turned around to join the convo.

“Preparing for next week’s specials? You’re on it, Sapnap.” Dream ribbed, before popping the whole thing in his mouth. “Ow, shit— that’s hot. Good, though!”

“They’re great! I think the filling could be a little thicker maybe? It is a bit messy to eat, unless you’re a monster like Dream here.” George added, popping the rest of his pastry in his mouth, and staring desolately at his now-sticky fingers.

“God— you’re such a baby.” Sapnap paused to hand him a napkin, before continuing, “but you think the flavor’s fine? Not too one-dimensional? I was thinking about maybe mixing some peach in. And do you think we should add some flavored whipped cream over top? Or would that be too much?”

“Christ, okay, let’s talk about this inside. Hey— Alyssa!” Dream called out to his dear lead server. “Man the register for me for a bit?”

“You got it, big boss.” She tipped her fingers to her forehead, making Dream snort as he ushered Sapnap and George into the kitchen. He spied the rest of the testing batch on a baking sheet on the counter, where there were also a couple bowls of different fillings laying around.

Mango puffs maybe weren’t top secret trade knowledge, but Dream liked keeping his process private.

“I think the fillings plenty sweet— I wouldn’t want cream on the side. But maybe it is a little one-dimensional, I don’t know if that’s a bad thing though...” George went on, engrossed in telling Sapnap exactly what he thought.

“Right. So try this,” Sapnap spooned a dollop of pale tangerine-colored filling for George to taste. “this is the same thing but with peach...”

Fifteen minutes of deliberation later, a small food fight, and only a tiny bit of whipped cream in Sapnap’s hair, they ended their discussion with the votes two to one on mango-peach instead of just mango. George was laughing as he escaped out of the coffee shop before Sapnap could pursue him, grateful that he couldn’t slip away from Cloudy, Inc.’s shopfront as easily as George could.

“How’re the boys doing?” George’s grandmother greeted him as he ducked back into the shop.

“Good, you know, as usual. Seems like their menu for next week’s going well.”

George’s grandmother tutted. “Feeding you again! Well, someone’s got to do it. Help me check if those carnations need some more water, will you, love?”

George hummed back an agreement. “The ones by the window?”

“Yeah, they’re the red ones. Not that you’ll know,” she teased. George laughed, before sticking his tongue out briefly at her. There’s something about grandmothers, and the kind of comfort they inspire— grandmothers always make it feel okay to act like a child again. He’s allowed to just sit back and look at flowers and at people passing without worrying about any real responsibilities.

Now that George’s thinking about it, it’s the same kind of carefreeness that the boys across the street make him feel.

Not that he didn’t have real responsibilities— he’ll have to confirm stock with their supplier later, and work out what promotions they should run next month, and also probably check in with their accountant about their tax returns.

But those are tasks that aren’t that pressing, ultimately, and he has plenty of time to hang out at the front of the shop with his grandmother, just admiring how the carnation petals fold in on themselves. How each paper-thin layer crowded and tucked over each other.

He gets to breathe out, calm and slow, and watch the late-morning sun hit their glass windows; scatter, before reaching the ceiling as a delicate, kaleidoscopic dab of light.

George had his cheek smushed into his fist, zoned out with his head propped up by his elbow, when the clattering of the shop door opening startled him. He jerked up then, just a little, to see a gap-toothed toddler holding up a balloon in one hand and her father’s hand in the other.

The child catches his eye, before grinning cheekily.

George smiles right back, helpless to resist the girl's bright energy. He meets her father's bemused gaze before squatting down to the bubbly child.

"Hey," George waved, before sticking his hand out. "My name is George, and this is my shop. Do you see anything you like?"

"Hello George, I am Emily!" Was the bright response of the child, making sure to shake George's hand carefully so she didn't let go of her balloons. "I just got out of the big hospital so Dada said I could come get anything I want so I want flowers!"

George giggled. "Well, we have plenty of those! Especially for big strong girls like you. Did you cry?"

Emily nodded, suddenly solemn. "Lots. But Daddy said it was okay, because I was hurting, and he promised me flowers! Pink ones!"

"Pink ones, huh? We got some right here, I think." This would be a good time to mention, again, that George was colorblind. He shot an imploring look at his grandmother, who chuckled before rising from her perch. "Do you want to go let Nana show you around? Help you pick out the prettiest pink ones?"

"Yeth!" Emily squealed. "Hello Nana."

George's grandmother took Emily's hand from her father, and the two were off immediately, exchanging soft murmurs and the occasional delighted yelp. George straightened back up to greet Emily's father, who introduced himself readily.

"Thank you for being gentle with her requests— it's a big day, you know, but I'm sure she'll be happy with just any bouquet." He shifted the tiniest pink school bag George has ever seen from one hand to the other, slightly sheepish.

"It's no bother at all. She'll be the highlight of my day, I'm sure. I'm glad that she seems happy and energetic after all that hospital talk!"

Emily's father winced. "Yeah. She'll be fine, I'm sure. She had to get a tumor taken out— not malicious, thank god, but still a pretty traumatic thing for a 5-year-old."

George's congratulatory response was cut short by an elated yell of "Dada! Come look!" From a corner of the shop that held some of the more artistic arrangements.

Ah, George thought. It seemed that Emily had become taken with a flower crown that George had braided mindlessly in his earlier tranquility. Emily's ensuing enthusiasm meant, obviously, that George had to immediately, and very willingly, start working on another smaller, child sized crown. With flowers that his grandmother assured him would not only work well together, but were, most importantly, very very pink.

Emily was watching him carefully, fascinated, from where she had been plopped on the counter. "George?" She asked. "What about yours? Is it this one?"

"Mm?" George hummed, focused on finishing the very last hook of her crown. "My crown?"

"Yeah!"

George looked up to see Emily playing with the flower crown she'd originally spotted. "Yeah, that one can be mine, I guess."

"But if it's yours you have to wear it. That's what it's for! And it's pretty!" Emily was pouting now, thrusting the crown in his general direction.

George chuckled, lightly parting her hair to rest the now finished miniature crown on her brown curls. "I can wear it if you want. Do you want to put it on me?"

George bent down at her enthusiastic, "yes!" and helped her adjust the crown so it'd stay put. Emily clapped her hands together, happy that they were matching.

Soon enough, her father finished up with their purchase, and the duo left the shop satisfied. Emily was of course sporting her flower crown, while still holding onto her balloons. Her father had also left with a mid-sized bouquet that was both elegant and sporting sufficient pink to satisfy his brave little girl.

Their departure meant a dip in energy level in the House of Dyes, but their happy contentment seemed to linger in the air like a cloud. George found himself unwilling to take off his carefully placed flower crown, lest this idyllic bubble be popped.

Chapter End Notes

sleepily self-beta'd so excuse any grammar or spelling mistakes!! please do drop a kudos if you liked it, and comments are such great motivation as well! this is about 1k longer than i promised haha hope yall like it~

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small routines of happiness

Chapter Summary

as the light dies, the day winds down. we see our boys sharing a few more precious moments together, happy in each other's company.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

If you thought the mornings at Somerset Lane were scenic, then you must not have seen the sunsets yet.

In the summer, golden hour hits Somerset Lane sometime around five. That's when the sun has just barely begun sinking in the sky, and her glimmering rays, while fading, still hold strong.

Your eyes may still squint a tiny bit if you looked her wrong, blinded slightly by the slanting light. Five in the afternoon has Somerset Lane's glassy shop fronts glinting with the reflection of the sun, with the pavements aglow in a flicker of warm shine.

The setting sun helps saturate everything you see just a hint more, busying your vision and pervading your senses. 5pm sees Cloudy, Inc. patrons glowing under the complimentary light, smiling brighter as the sun calls for all else to match her intensity. Frequently, one could see patrons taking sun bathed pictures of each other before the pastel interiors, taking advantage of the flattering lighting and picture worthy backgrounds for their various social medias.

Dream wanted to say that after years of being here, he's been long used to the glamor of Somerset Lane at sunset, but even he couldn't lie that convincingly. He'd just be drying a cup by the sink, before a glint of sun reflecting off the rounded cup edge inevitably distracts him.

And that was it, he was helpless to follow the line of light and watch where the rays were dancing into his shop, flirting in and out of view, hiding behind a thin layer of clouds for one moment and beaming through the obstruction in the next.

There was an after-work crowd at Cloudy, Inc., for sure, but it wasn't strictly a dinner crowd so to say. Sappnap and Dream haven't quite worked out how to fit in a full blown dinner menu with their small kitchen, and anyways, there were plenty of other trendy spots down the street.

Between a6d's classical French restaurant, TapL's modern American bistro, and Techno's hybrid butchery steakhouse, there were plenty of options for the work weary to feed their bodies and souls.

Dinner time hence was frequently a more relaxed affair, giving Dream plenty of time to people-watch to his heart's content. Some things that he saw all the time were the frazzled office workers rushing to grab flowers at the House of Dyes, presumably for some special occasion they've only just recalled, or pre-date couples walking down the street dressed their weekday best.

He liked to guess which restaurant they might head into, and it frequently turned into a semi-competitive little betting game with Sapnap. Loser gets to take out the trash, and so on. Nothing too serious— not after the time Dream had to shave his head after losing a bet. (Listen, they're also not supposed to talk about that anymore.)

Dream was washing up the last of the cups now and taking stock of which pastries he'd have to pawn off onto his friends and which he'd have to freeze for tomorrow, when George ducked into the shop.

Even by his usual smiley standards, George seemed to be glowing even brighter today. Furthermore— he had a wreath of pastel flowers circling his head, resting softly just above his ears. It was cute. Dream was sure he could still make fun of it somehow, if he really wanted to.

He just didn't really want to, that was all. Don't get him wrong, he could, he totally could, alright? Alright.

George caught Dream's eye, and smiled. "hey, buddy. Good day?"

"Can't complain," Dream smiled back, shrugging. "You? Any particular reason why you're looking like Christmas came months early?"

George laughed, ducking a little self-consciously. "Just had a good day. Had a couple of kids come in."

"Yeah?" Dream smirked a little. Figures. "That's why you have the bubblegum crown in your head?" He put the cups away, drying his hands before leaning back onto the counter.

George reached up to touch his hair a little self-consciously. “Listen, she was cute, and she just had a tumor taken out. I had to do it.”

“I see. I’m sure you didn’t just get bored.”

“Pft, you wish you looked this pretty.” George retorted flippantly. He’d straightened himself back up, and moved back from the cashier area to make way for a couple more customers who’d just wandered in.

Dream just laughed harder, waving him off to the back room. “Go bother Sapnap. I’m busy now serving customers— hey, welcome to Cloudy, Inc. What can I get you both?”

George, recognizing when he was being thoroughly dismissed, smiled as he slunk away to the back room to get out of Dream’s hair. Maybe he’ll get into Sapnap’s instead.

“Sappatus, nappatus. My love.”

“Fuck off, George.”

“Is this how you treat a friend?!”

“When the friend is you, yes.”

George laughed a little. “Why the bad mood?” He asked Sapnap, who hadn’t looked up to acknowledge George once. He seemed concentrated on a deceptively intricate cake decoration job, fiddling with multi-colored icing bags and sugar flowers.

“I’m in a great mood. Or I will be, when I finish this.” Sapnap shot back, eyes never once leaving the delicate line of icing he was piping down.

“Big project?” George asked, arm slowly reaching out to maybe grab a small sugar flower to snack on. Just one! But Sapnap knew him too well, and was much too quick for him, knocking his arm away before he could get close.

“Stop it! I need all of these. And yeah, TapL has a custom order today— someone’s proposing or some other shit like that, and so they’ve ordered this monstrosity of a cake that’s now somehow my responsibility. I swear, this is why we’ll never have a dinner menu, not when I’m busy being head pastry chef for every single restaurant on this goddamn street.”

George huffed a little laughily. “Stop saying that as if you aren’t flattered any time anyone begs you for a custom order. This really does look good though, you knocked it out of the park. There’s just one problem.”

Sapnap narrowed his eyes, but still not looking up from where he was switching from the icing to some ganache being kept loose on a double boiler. “What?”

“I’m hungry!” George wasn’t whining. He was just pouting a little. Tiny bit.

Sapnap put down the bowl he was holding, turning to look at George for the first time since he walked in. “how is that any of my responsibili— is that a flower crown?!”

“Uh,” George shrugged. “Yeah? Honestly, I forgot I had it on.”

“Huh. Alright. Hey, listen, the kitchen’s gonna be free for the most of tonight as long as you clear out before 8 so I can get tomorrow’s bread going. If you wanna be a good friend and start on dinner... I guess you could make yourself helpful.”

“What, me? Being useful for once?” George tried to sound put off, but he was already walking over to the smaller, staff-only fridge. His smile might have also given him away.

This little dance was also almost routine at this point— if George had the evening free, say, if his grandparents or Colin was around to man the shop, George’d come over to Cloudy, Inc.’s industrial kitchen and cook up a quick dinner for everyone around. Cooking helped him decompress, and lift up the cloud of work stress so he could descend into a more relaxed George, free to goof around with his friends. Dream sometimes called it “self-service mode on to turn customer service mode off”, and George guessed that was as good an explanation as any.

They usually had a few good steaks from Techno's shop, but Nana had bad teeth, so George set about fixing a quick salmon dinner that was probably enough to feed them all. If not, they'd have left over pastries to gorge themselves on, and later on, Tommy and TapL were probably gonna join in with their leftovers of the day. It was a nice little routine they all had, and George appreciated it more than he could really voice.

Humming a little to himself, he started steaming the couscous and seasoning the salmon steaks. So engrossed was he in dinner prep, that he didn't notice Sapnap snapping a quick picture of him smiling with his flower crown on.

Sapnap wasn't gonna blackmail him with the picture, not at all, but it was certainly good ammunition. Plenty of meme material. Definitely has potential to be a hit in the Somerset Lane group chat later on. But for now, though, he had to finish this cake.

And so the sun started setting in earnest over Somerset Lane. As she dipped down in the western sky, our beloved boys were each in individual concentration. Dream had his tongue caught between his lips as he poured the last of the micro-foam into a perfect leaf on the latter. A wall apart, Sapnap had his brow furrowed as he finished putting the final sprinkles on his cake. On the opposite kitchen counter, George was bobbing along to the music in his headphones, tasting dinner as he made it.

Even apart, they were sharing the moment together. It was a testament to their bond that they didn't have to be interacting to be enveloped in the comfort of having each other close.

And as the light of the dying sun filtered out of the clouds in hues of pink and purple, our boys, too, were embraced by the fading light, glowing luminescent in their shared contentment and happiness.

Chapter End Notes

sorry this was a day late!! had a minor health scare. also i reallllly didn't wanna write this but i forced myself to and i think it isn't that bad. not a very exciting chapter not a lot happened but hopefully you get more insight into the lives of our boys on somerset lane!!

once again, comments and kudos well appreciated and serve as great motivation. i will respond to them all eventually i promise!!!

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accidents and attention

Chapter Summary

dream's not usual this clumsy, he swears. either way, sapnap and george are happy to pick up the pieces. if dream felt like cooperating, that is. any day now, dream.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Listen.

Dream was extremely coordinated, alright.

He had spreadsheets upon spreadsheets— if pressed, he could tell you exactly where he was at in his monthly budget, how much hazelnut syrup was left in storage, when they would need to order more, and when he needed to call his barber to schedule his next haircut.

Really— he wasn't even that clumsy physically.

He could have ten order slips in backlog and still not spill a drop of coffee from any one of those drinks he was preparing. His fingers moved like a dance, sometimes, when things got busy enough, flitting over buttons and hooked through cup handles. With all the shaking, blending, mixing, and of course the delicate twists of his wrist when finishing up latte art, it was safe to say Dream was capable of being in very fine control of his body.

However, even the best of us screw up sometimes. It wasn't even particularly Dream's fault, really, he was just too caught up in his head, thinking about next week's stock supply and trying to figure out when he needed to order his sister's birthday present. He was still weighing options, and so maybe, just maybe, he wasn't paying quite that much attention to the stairs he was trodding down as he ought to have been.

Can you really blame him then, for slipping down a flight of stairs?

Okay, you definitely can. Just a little. Still, in his efforts to save the iPad he was holding— listen, he didn't want to deal with AppleCare anymore, alright— he chose to break his fall with his free

arm.

There was only a flash between the moment when he realized his forearm was supporting all of his body weight, and the next moment when a blinding pain shot through him. He could hear a cracking sound, and that was it before his arm refused to support him any longer, smashing him face first down into the landing. Right in front of a horrified Sapnap.

“*Dream!* I heard that— that’s not fucking good— you fucking idiot!” Sapnap shouted, rushing forward to help him sit upright.

Gritting his teeth, Dream barely had enough lucidity to reply snappily back. “Fuck off, I heard it too, listen, help me up. Careful, don’t step on the iPad.”

“Don’t step on the iPad? Bro, I’m pretty sure your arm isn’t supposed to look like that!”

“Like what?” Dream startled. He hadn’t gotten around to observing the situation just yet— he was still recovering from the shock and adjusting to the— son of a bitch— pulsating ache in his arm.

Sure enough, when he looked down, his left arm was bend outwards unnaturally, just slightly.

Fuck. He was such an idiot.

“Listen, thank god it’s my left hand. I’ll still be able to use my dominant hand,” Dream started saying, pausing to wince when he jostled his arm slightly. Fuck. “I’ll head down to emergency care, get this sorted, and I should be back in 3 hours, so in time for the after-work rush. Call Alyssa and ask if she can get Callaghan to fill in as lead barista until I get back? Overtime pay.”

“Until you get back— are you kidding me? Dream, I’m pretty sure you just broke your arm. You’re not using that thing until you’re recovered!” Sapnap was saying as he fumbled to get his phone out. “Can you even stand? Christ. I’ll get George to drive you— I’m pretty sure he’s running deliveries anyways. No fucking way you’re driving yourself, you absolute doofus.”

Dream resented that. “I am perfectly capable of calling an Uber myself— listen, let me up—” He shot back as he tried to push himself up with his good hand, only to be promptly forced back down by a rushing lightheadedness that had him feeling faint.

Sapnap scoffed, already on the phone with George at this point. “Yeah, grab an energy bar or two, he probably hasn’t eaten and his blood sugar’s probably low. Perfect... Two minutes? Alright...”

Dream curled back into himself, giving up and cradling his bad hand. Maybe he’ll let these two take charge this one time. Biting his lip against the pain, he let go of a breath slowly, timing his inhales with the persistent throbbing in his arm.

About two minutes later, George burst in from the back entrance of the shop. “Dream?!” He called out. “What did you do to yourself now?!”

Dream looked up, trying his best to not feel petulant. “Nothing.”

George rolled his eyes as he rushed over, helping Dream stand tentatively. “Right, cause this looks like nothing. Come on. Car’s out back.”

“You don’t have to help me walk— I broke my arm, not my foot.” Dream grumbled as they stumbled out of the shop.

“Uh huh, and that’s why you’re leaning against me right now. Shut up, you’re in pain. We’ll head down to the hospital, okay. We’ll get you sorted.”

As Dream climbed into the delivery van, the pain in arm started to escalate just as he thought he was getting used to it. At least the van smelled of roses and peonies today, and was frigidly cold from the refrigeration system meant to keep the flowers fresh.

Dream clenched his fists against the pain, trying to distract himself from it. He knows there’s nothing wrong with pain itself, but there was still a certain vulnerability in expressing it that had him biting back his curses and groans.

That doesn’t mean his subtle fidgeting escaped the attention of his friend in the driver’s seat. George may have been keeping his eyes on the road, but he could still see Dream shifting his

weight from left to right and then back again in the passenger seat. He could see him suck in deep breathes, then hold them in; and he could see the tension in his good arm, the way Dream was flexing and relaxing his muscles periodically, as if trying to distract himself.

And as much as George wanted to chew Dream out for not being careful, he knew it wouldn't do any good. It was a delicate act balancing his anger at dream for not being more mindful and hurting himself with his concern and worry, but George was managing it. He may be gripping the steering wheel a little tighter than what he usually would, and the tiny dimple between his eyebrows might have betrayed just how tautly they were furrowed, but otherwise, he was the picture of tranquility.

They sat in terse silence on their way to the hospital, with only Dream's occasional labored breaths cutting through quiet. Both were mirrored pictures of tension— one in pain, and one with worry.

Really, once they were at the hospital, everything went by much quicker. The nurses gave Dream something for the pain right away, and the stress left his face with a visible slackening of his muscles. Really, it probably wasn't even that bad of a fracture— the area was swollen and starting to bruise, sure, but it was only marginally slanted and probably not that bad. Right?

Regardless, seeing Dream slowly release the tension held in his body meant George could also start loosening up. By the time the doctor stepped into their waiting room, the two were already back to jostling each other (verbally, with George taking great care not to accidentally bump into dream) and laughing in their big honking way.

The doctor smiled. "Having fun, boys?"

George and Dream froze, mirrored pictures of sheepish. Laughing, the doctor continued, "No, no, don't worry. I'm Dr. Smith, and you're Dream? Here for a broken arm?"

"Yep," Dream ruffled his hair with his good hand. "That's me."

"Alright, let's see here..."

And so, after a couple of X-Rays and a cast wrapped tightly around Dream's now healing arm, the duo found themselves free to go. Dream had strict instructions to not engage in any rigorous physical activity involving his left arm, and George was running through the care instructions in his head, setting alarms and reminders so he could text Dream to take his painkillers on time. Lord

knows he'll probably just try to tough it out without them otherwise.

They were piling back into the van when Dream spoke up again.

"Alright! So... Back to work it is," he grinned, struggling just a little with the seatbelt one handed.

"What?" George turned to look at him, disbelieving. "You're joking. I'm driving you home, where you're gonna conk out with Netflix playing in the background, blissfully hopped up on painkillers."

"Psh. This is the good stuff—I'll be able to handle the last few hours of work. I don't want Callaghan to work longer than necessary on his off day."

George rolled his eyes, starting the car and driving off. "Likely story. I'm pretty sure the doctor said no heavy machinery for a couple of days at least, and I don't know about you, but I think a commercial espresso machine counts as heavyweight."

"I'll be fine. It's not even my dominant hand. Listen—you have to drive me back to the shop anyway, all my stuff's there! How is Sappap supposed to close by himself? You're really gonna hang him out to dry?" Dream tried reasoning, his tone getting more urgent by the word.

Too bad George had plenty of practice getting used to Dream being in what he affectionately calls, "high school debate mode". "I'm driving here, so I'm literally just gonna drive you back home. Sappap can bring your stuff over when he's done with his shift, you guys live 5 minutes apart from each other. You're not heading back to work the day you've broken your goddamned arm, and that's that."

Dream winced. George sounded pretty final, and he was starting to get that crease on his forehead that only appears when George was really worried about something. And Dream hated the thought of being the cause of that. That forehead crease was his enemy, and he sought to eliminate it as much as it was within his abilities.

So he could probably take a day or two off, maybe. He'll still be able to do all the accounting and backroom duties as necessary, so he probably won't get that bored.

And now that he was thinking about it, a nap sounded pretty good.

“Alright, George. Drive me back, but make sure Sapnap lets himself in, alright? He knows the code to my apartment anyways. I’ll probably be knocked out by these painkillers.”

George let out a tiny breath he wasn’t even aware he’s been holding. “Good. Not that there was an option to begin with, but really, take care of yourself. Rest. Don’t try and overwork it before its ready.”

“Who are you, my mother?” Dream groused, and George laughed. George knew dream well enough by now to read between the lines— the return of Dream’s friendly chirps and ribbing was his way of saying thank you. His way of letting George know he appreciated his concern.

It was his way of putting the strain of the day well and truly behind them, steering things back to normalcy. And normal George definitely wouldn’t hesitate before squabbling back.

“See if I try and do anything good for you ever again!” He countered, grinning.

And so they kept the bickering up all the way to Dream’s apartment, laughing and pulling faces of mock displeasure at each other in turn. After making sure Dream was well situated on his couch, surrounded by Gatorade and blankets and his cat, George slipped back out of the apartment with one last affectionate threat.

“I’d better not see your face at the shop tomorrow! I’ve seen too much of it today, okay?”

Dream shook his head softly at himself, out of sight of George, laughing just a little. “alright, alright, I’ll be good. I won’t go anywhere. Good enough for you?”

Dream heard the slamming of his apartment door first, and George’s loud bellow of “YES!” through the closed door second. And Dream was laughing now, at the ridiculousness of their friendship, as the bizarreness of the day crashed over him.

Him and his stupid friends, he thought as he settled deeper into his couch. Wrapped up warmly in his little blanket bundle, it wasn’t difficult for Dream to fall into a deep, steady slumber.

In his sleep, he wouldn't hear the soft beeping of his apartment keypad, nor the gentle thuds of Sapnap's footsteps. But when the night was over, when the streetlights shining dimly through his windows have been replaced by the soft, tentative morning light; he'd wake up to find his work bag stashed next to the couch. He'd find his binders stacked up on his little coffee table, but most of all, he'd find the post-it note Sapnap stuck on his forehead.

Grabbing it in his bleary, freshly awoken state, he'd read it and scoff. On it, Sapnap had hastily, and cheerfully, written the following words:

“if you step into the shop today your legs will be broken next xx -sap”

Chapter End Notes

disclaimer: i am not a medical professional i also have never broken a bone before so i do not know how it feels like or how it gets treated or even what you're allowed to do and not do afterwards... creative liberties were taken ok

also i know the title of this fic is somerset lane but uh... how would we feel about sometimes peeking into the lives of these rascals when they're at home instead?

also, this is my attempt at adding plot. or at least something that would span over more than a couple chapters. listen, it's very hard to have plot in gen fic, ok!!! i'll keep thinking though-- i have a couple ideas :D

as always, comments and kudos keep me going!!! i'm on tumblr~ [jamingbenn](#)

full hearts, full home

Chapter Summary

dream is stuck at home with absolutely nothing to do. the solution? annoy george.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

At noon, Dream found himself standing in the middle of his living room, his one good hand on his hip, his gaze blank.

His cat, Patches, meowed questioningly at this statue of a man being imposed into her space.

Dream sighed. It's been a couple days since his accident, now, but this morning has been no different from the others. He'd woken up in the early morning, texted Sapnap a small list of reminders for Callaghan, and then promptly settled back into his nest in bed with a cup of coffee. He's never really gotten to see the sunrise from his own apartment—he was usually already busy in the cafe that early. You know, grinding the beans and stocking the fridge with fresh milk, just waiting to be steamed.

So it was nice, kind of, to be curled in his own bed, Patches purring in time with his own breaths, and watch the morning light filter in through his gauzy white curtains. To hear a different set of birds chirping as he sipped on coffee made with the French press in his kitchen instead of the one in the shop. He had a book haphazardly open on his lap, not really dedicating himself to it just yet, choosing to pay more attention to the leaves swaying gently out of his window instead.

It was just a little bit weird because of how Dream was still hyperaware of the time.

He was here, physically, in his comfy bed, but mentally, he was busy running through the checklist of things he needed to be doing on a normal day at 10:09am. He should be almost at the end of the daily morning rush. He wonders if Callaghan's thinking ahead—usually, this was the time for Dream to speedily refill his supply of to-go cups from the cupboard underneath the sink.

But he wasn't surrounded by stacks of paper cups now, was he? There was no scent of toasty coffee beans to mix in with yeasty wafts of freshly baked bread. All he had was a dull throbbing arm and the familiar smells of his laundry detergent still clinging to his clean sheets.

He'd gotten out of bed eventually when George texted him a reminder to take his painkillers, after which he felt well and truly awake, the suspense of the morning taken out of him. But that felt like ages ago now— he'd read his book and drank his coffee and gotten out of bed to make himself breakfast.

He got carried away when cleaning up the dishes, however, drying them before he started to clean out the whole kitchen as well. Soon, he had two loads of laundry going while he swept the floors and dusted the shelves. He barely noticed the time in his cleaning frenzy, but it was noon now, and Dream had absolutely nothing left to do.

He surveyed his living room— yeah, the rug was vacuumed, the coffee table dusted. He'd rearranged his throw pillows enough times that he didn't even want to look at them anymore. He'd done everything there was to do— well, within his current capacity anyways, what with his bum arm and all. He let out a long sigh.

"I guess I could watch some more Netflix," Dream frowned down at Patches. Patches barely bothered to acknowledge him from where she was delicately cleaning her paws.

"Abandoned by my own cat," Dream muttered, fond, before he threw himself down on the couch and turned his TV on. He'd get delivery and watch Hannibal for 3 hours. Surely this wouldn't be that hard.

Two hours in, Dream had to admit defeat.

"George. Georgie poo. Georgerson."

"What do you want, Dream?" George's voice was staticky, the way it sometimes sounded when he was in the van. Huh. Dream wondered if he was out running any deliveries today— maybe he'll let Dream sit in the passenger seat. Then Dream could be just bored instead of being both lonely and bored.

"I'm bored. Are you gonna kill me if I go sit in the coffeeshop and just watch Callaghan work? Sap might need me. Maybe I can do up new menus!" Dream brightened, his excitement getting more

evident with the tumble of every word.

George let out an exhale so long that Dream pulled his phone away from his face, checking if there was problem with the connection.

“... George? You there?”

“You’re a workaholic, did you know that?”

“Wow.” Dream deadpanned. “What a total shock. Man whose social life overlaps completely with his professional life likes his profession very much.”

“Listen, I’m running deliveries right now—“ ha! Dream knew it! “but I’ll be done and near your neighborhood in about an hour. Have you had lunch yet? I could bring you lunch.”

"I don't want luuuuunch," Dream replied, dragging out the last word. "I want to go to Cloudy."

Dream was very manly, thank you very much, so what he was doing was not whining. Merely loud complaining.

"I'm hanging up on you! You're not going back this soon! It's only been a couple of days." George sounded a little distracted.

"My arm's completely fine-- it doesn't even hurt that much anymore! And I'll just keep calling you if you hang up. You should at least keep me company if you're gonna keep me from the world!"

George sighed. Poor Dream, really. Having nothing to do might be everyone else's idea of a great time, but it was definitely Dream's personal hell.

"Okay. I *could* pick you up and give you a lift to cloudy, but *only* if you don't strain your arm too much. Stay in front of the counter, not behind it!"

George wouldn't see the fist pump Dream let out at that, but Patches was certainly judging him

from her little corner on the sofa.

“Sounds great. I can stay put in Cloudy for a couple hours, easy.”

Time to start plotting just how he could bug Sapnap and Callaghan this fine afternoon. Maybe there were some perks to having a broken arm after all.

Cloudy, Inc. may be Dream’s baby, but he doesn’t get to see her in her full glory on very much.

In sunny afternoon days like this, he was usually inside, busy with customers and prep work. But today was different— today, he had the luxury of walking down Somerset Lane and feeling the wind in his hair.

He could take his time taking in how Cloudy’s bubbly, pastel signages stood out against the green swaying leaves and the inconspicuous cobblestone pavements.

He paused, just for a moment, just to look overhead at the sky, where splotches of white clouds were floating gently, backlit by a vibrant blue sky. This was one of those afternoons where the scene before him looked almost too saturated to be real— one of those afternoons that happens only in the summer, and only when the sun was at her best. He was jumpy with restlessness not even an hour ago, but now, he was content to slow down and just appreciate the street stretching on before of him.

Dream was almost tempted to sit down on a bench for a while, just to sit and take in the world before him, so spirited and so undoubtedly alive. Even the concrete underfoot and the brick walls seemed to be humming with life. The honking of distant cars, the jingle of shopfront doorbells, mingling with the sounds of his own footsteps had him anchored in this moment and this moment alone. In his here, and in his now, his heart ached with how alive he felt. Not just within him, but around him as well.

He couldn’t forget his other priorities, though. He’d admired the scenery long enough. He took one last deep breath before pushing open the glass doors of Cloudy, Inc.

“Welcome to Cloudy, Inc.! Your friendly neighborhood coffeeshop! What can I do for you today—Dream?!”

Dream grinned at the bustle inside. Sapnap was so engrossed making the drink of a customer he barely noticed Dream till the very last second.

“No idea who Dream is, sir,” Dream responded, trying to school his expression into a deadpan one, but failing horribly. “Just another customer. I could use a cappuccino, though, thank you kindly.”

Sap scoffed, but played along easily. “One cappuccino coming right up. Your name, sir, for the cup?”

“George.” Dream’s straight face was more convincing now, but you could still see the laugh threatening to escape at any moment.

“You know, George Georgerson,” he managed to continue before he was wacked in the back of the head by Alyssa. “Hey!”

Alyssa pulled Dream into a hug before he could really process what was happening. “I can’t believe you broke your arm.” She scolded. Dream thinks she was trying to sound huffy, but she came across as more petulant instead. “Are you okay? Not hurting too bad? Shouldn’t you be on bed rest? You need rest to heal!”

“Woah, woah woah, Lys!” Dream laugh gently, bringing her in for a tighter hug. “Scared you, didn’t I? I’m sorry about that. But I’m fine! Bursting with life! Here to see y’all!”

Alyssa pulled away, reassured. “As if. You’re just here ‘cause you have trust issues and have to supervise everything!” She joked, ducking away from Dream before he could protest.

Sapnap was looking over the scene with a sense of vague amusement, glad to see that Dream was well enough to be his usually goofy self.

“one cappuccino for George?” He called out, pulling Dream back from his play-fight with Alyssa.

“Go get your drink, boss, I got customers more important than you!” Alyssa shooed as she pushed Dream away.

Dream was smiling now, shaking his head as he got to Sapnap. “Kids these days— no respect for their elders, huh?” He asked.

Sapnap wasn’t going to humor him this time. “I don’t think it’s just the kids that haven’t got any respect for you, Dream.”

“Hey!” Dream retorted, mock offended, taking his drink in his good hand. He slipped behind the counter then, leaning on a tall chair meant for staff.

“Seriously though, hey. How’re you feeling? Are you doing alright?” Sapnap glanced at Dream. “The arm’s fine?”

Dream shrugged, taking a sip of his drink. Huh, not bad. “Hey, this is good! I’ve trained you well.”

Sapnap smiled a little at the compliment. “Yeah? Now that I can make some coffee, when are you gonna bake me a cake, huh?”

“Whenever you start liking the idea of eating coal,” Dream snorted. “but no, my arm’s fine. It hurts, I mean, obviously, but it’s not hard to ignore. They gave me painkillers anyway. George’s been mother-henning me, texting me reminders every two hours like I don’t know how to drink water anymore.”

“Sounds like him. Good to hear though, and remember I’ll kick you right back out of Cloudy if you rushed your return.”

“Nah, I’m good just chilling.” Dream’s eyes darted away from Sapnap, trying not to remember just how poorly he managed to “relax” this morning. “You know me though, I go stir crazy unless I’m around people.”

“So what’s the plan, then? Are you gonna come here every afternoon?”

“Nooo...” Dream’s voice wasn’t very resolute, but Alyssa had a point earlier on. It wasn’t that he

didn't trust Sapnap and the crew to manage the cafe, but he have always found it hard to rid himself of the gnawing anxiety that something was going horribly wrong. He knew they'd do a bang-up job as always, but he was still terrified there was going to be a freak accident that'll require his presence, or that only he could handle.

Of course, a couple of days ago, he was that freak accident, so maybe he didn't have much ground to stand on here.

"What, am I not allowed to miss you guys?" Dream said, half joking, but really not.

"Dummy," Sapnap flicked dream gently with a tea towel. "Of course you are. We just want to make sure you're well rested."

"I'm good. I'll be just like any other customer! Sitting quietly in a corner, running numbers on my laptop, calling you or Alyssa over every two minutes because my coffees gone cold, or because you didn't put in the right kind of milk... You know!"

Sapnap rolled his eyes. "So annoying like normal, then. Get on then, you've been in my way back here long enough!" Sapnap nudged Dream, smiling as Dream scampered out of the way when a customer came up to the register.

And as Dream settled himself, just like he said, at a table near the corner, pulling up spreadsheets on his laptop, he paused to take in the mid-afternoon scene.

There was Alyssa, walking around tending to patrons with a blinding smile. And there was Sapnap, deftly manipulating the espresso machine. There were even the customers, snug in their little nooks, reading and chatting merrily as they sip their coffees. And there was Dream. Watching it all, overcome with a contentment he never feels anywhere else.

And in the sense that nowhere else can have Dream feeling this settled, this grounded, not even his own apartment, it is no wonder that Cloudy, Inc. was where Dream always came back to. Drawn towards, like his center of gravity. And so maybe, this little coffeeshop on Somerset Lane, was much more of a home to Dream than any house could ever be.

Maybe he'll always feel like he did this morning, restless and misplaced, until he gets to come back home.

He finds that he doesn't quite mind that, really, if this shop is the home that he gets to come back to.

Chapter End Notes

i made a [tumblr](#)!!! i'll be posting small snippets and commentary there, so do follow me if you want!

there will be plenty of those, because, unfortunately, classes have started back up for me, which means i can no longer dedicate 6 hours a day to writing and editing. i'm also working on a much larger piece, that will be canon, that's taking up a lot of my energy right now-- that piece is going to be a monstrosity, and won't be up until i get at least 2/3 of it done.

i will be trying to update this once every week, with snippets posted more frequently, but let's see how that goes between homework and my summer job.

as always, comments and kudos appreciated!

dream has a liddle secret

Chapter Summary

sorry this took literally forever!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream has a little secret.

This is just between you and him, alright? No one else knows. No one else can know. Not even Sapnap, not even George.

There's a little kitty cat.

Dream has started calling it "Bee", mostly by accident, and only a little because of the soft patches of black and yellow fur dotted over her white coat.

She has a little limp, just barely, and she had rubbed her little skinny face all over his ankles the first time he paused to investigate, right outside of Cloudy, Inc. How was a man not to fall in love?

Either way, he's been sneaking the baby a little kibble every now and then, making up increasingly ludicrous excuses to his friends for just a moment of alone time.

Normally, he'd be giddy to share the news with George and Sapnap, but he has a little something up his sleeve this time. A plan, some may even say.

It's just gonna take a little finagling.

—

"You've made [butt cookies](#)."

“I have not.”

“Yes you have,” Dream insists, waving an accusing finger at the offending tray of cookies. “They are pink. They have two cheeks. They are butt cookies, Sapnap, I’ll have you reminded that this is a family friendly establishment—“

“They’re peach cookies, Dream.”

Dream’s eyes narrowed. “That is what you would say.”

Sapnap throws his hands up. “Aw, what the hell. They even have cream in the middle.”

Dream throws the notebook in his hand at Sapnap’s head. “Sap!”

“Shut up!” Sapnap giggles. “They really are peach cookies, alright, just—“ And then he shoves one into Dream’s open mouth, stopping whatever foul accusations before he could even utter a single word.

Reluctantly, Dream bit down. “Aw, shucks.”

“Good, yeah?”

“... Yeah.” Dream spins suddenly, turning to rummage in the fridge. “Okay, but they really look like lil booties, we have to fix it somehow—“

“You just have your mind in the gutter! My god, it’ll be fine. Or maybe we can shift to cater to bachelorette parties.”

“Perish that thought.” Dream emerges from the depths of their industrial fridge with a bunch of mint. “Maybe candied mint leaves as little decorations? And also, uh, maybe play around with the shapes some more.”

“Oh, I’ll play around with something alright.”

Even Sapnap could admit he maybe kinda really deserved the second notebook thrown at his head this time.

—

“Those are butt cookies.” George pointed an accusing finger at the display case.

“I told you!” Dream cackled gleefully over Sapnap’s long groan.

“Delicious, delicious butt cookies!” Sap protested. “What would you know anyways, you’re colorblind!”

“Yeah, not shape-blind! Those are butt cookies!”

“Booty-cookies,” Dream whispered.

“NO!” Sapnap shouted, raising one hand in a threatening gesture. “Sweet, innocent, delicious peachy cookies!”

“Booty-cookies,” George repeated, voice reverent, meeting Dream’s gaze with wide eyes.

“Noo,” Sapnap groaned, bowling over the counter. “Noo.”

—

“Hello pretty girl,” Dream murmured, reaching out to scratch at Bee’s chin. “Just a little bit more, and then I’ll bring you home, alright?”

Bee hummed against Dream’s hand, the rough pad of her tongue gentle as she licked around

Dream's fingers. Dream was pretty sure she was sleeping out on the warm air-conditioning exhaust unit out back, but either way, he'd definitely have her covered by the time winter comes.

He leaves a bit of kibble in a shallow dish behind before walking away happily, with a bounce in his step.

—

Step one of the plan was to get little Bee to the vet. Dream's really not sure if she's ever been domesticated, but either way, she's definitely seen time as a street cat, so a vet visit would probably be prudent.

Slight problem about that, though.

"Yo," Sapnap said once Dream picked up the phone. "Pick me up tomorrow morning?"

"No," Dream answered, eyeing the cat carrier he's gonna have to transport to the shop. Sapnap can't see that yet! It'll ruin the plan! "Call George."

"He has that huge wedding delivery tomorrow, hello, the one I just stayed up all night preparing the desserts for? Seriously, I'm exhausted, man, and really don't feel like biking to Cloudy tomorrow. What, you have plans?"

"... Guess not," Dream winced. Yeah, Sap kinda takes priority with this one. "Hey, great work, by the way."

"I'm the man," Sapnap agreed. "So tomorrow at 6?"

"Yeah, I got you."

Shit.

—

Okay, well, Dream is, if nothing else, extremely adaptable. He pauses for just one second after hanging up on Sapnap before a solution comes to him.

Taking a deep breath, he calls up another number on his phone. Well, really, he could have just gotten out of his house, and walked one floor up his apartment building and knocked on this person's door, but, uh, he usually liked a little warning before any in person human interaction.

"Hullo," came his answer.

"Hey, Techno," Dream sighed in relief.

"Oh, hey Dream." Techno hummed. "What's up?"

"Nothing much," Dream rushed. "But uh I do kind of need to call in a favour."

"Mm," Techno said. "I'm listening."

"Okay, so, are you heading to the shop tomorrow?"

Techno ran a butchery about three shops down on George's side of the street. The butchery would have clashed with The House of Dyes' aesthetic, but it was one of those stupidly snobby high-end butcheries with maple glazed dry aged bacon and apple-stuffed marinated pork chops and all that hipster shit.

"Yeah, leaving at about 5:30am. Gotta take stock. Why?"

"Would you have space in your car for a cat carrier? Small one. I need to bring it to Cloudy but I don't want either Sap or George seeing it."

"Oh, no problem, easy. What, is Patches okay?"

“She’s fine. Don’t worry too much about the why, Techno,” Dream said guiltily.

Long pause. “Alright, man. Good luck with... whatever it is.”

“Yeah, thanks. Should I drop it off now or tomorrow morning?”

“Now’s fine. Come on up.”

“Aite.”

Somerset Lane’s tight knit community had Dream reeling with gratefulness on most days anyways, but the generosity of its inhabitants still somehow managed to warm Dream’s heart each time. Techno didn’t ask any more questions than he needed to, he just had Dream’s back without any hesitation.

Bounding up the stairs to Techno’s flat, he took a moment to appreciate all the friends he’d managed to acquire just by doing the thing he loves in a place he adores. He’s sure some men out there have it twice as hard with less than half the luck. His life is alright, he thinks, smiling a little.

Two knocks on Techno’s door was all it took for the other man to pull it open. He blinked at Dream twice through his taped up glasses, before breaking into a gentle smile. “You got the goods?”

Dream solemnly held up the cat carrier. “Oh, I got the goods alright.”

They held their straight faces for a second more before cracking into giggles. “I got you covered,” Techno waved. “Come by anytime before closing to grab it back.”

“Uh huh,” Dream smiled. “I’ll be there.”

1. yes the cookies are real and delicious. <https://www.sugarsalted.com/orange-infused-sweet-ricotta-peach-cookies/>
2. forgive any tense inconsistencies. i have learned to stop caring about work being perfect because that was why i was MIA lol
3. join my discord!! <https://discord.gg/en78RenVuQ>

End Notes

comments welcome! 1k updates daily, this is gonna be my fun summer project. once again- please don't let any of the creators know about this. they've said they don't mind people writing fanfic about them, but i don't think they wanna be reminded of it too much haha! anyways, lmk what you think in comments n please drop a kudos~

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